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DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

MR. H. C. SNYDER, 23 Park Row, New York, is the GLOBE-REPUBLIC's special representative, to whom all Eastern advertising business, must be

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 23.

Plant a tree tomorrow-two of them, or three-but plant a tree.

Pardon Jeff Davis? No. Sir-no! How about "removing his disabilities?" Will that satisfy the demand?

Miss Ada C. Sweet, of Chicago, still sticks. All sweet things do stick; treacle, for instance. So does Ada, also.

If the weather does not prove hot enough to sweat the Legislature out of Columbus, how would an oil blaze do-Standard oil of course

The average American citizen is new busily engaged in directing the foreign wars. The movement of our American under-jaw is said to resemble perpetual motion.

The Chicago speculators have given up the job of carrying on a foreign war, and have joined the weevil, the frost and the chronic agricultural grumbler in killing the wheat crop.

Queen Victoria is in France and the Prince of Wales is in Ireland. However the Queen's signature to a declaration of war might be transmitted by telephone-Hello, there, Mr. Gladstone.

Dr. B. W. Arnett, the colored nominee of the Republicans of Greene County, is a genial and cultured representative of his race, and he will ably represent the people of Greene in the Legislature.

The great Brazilian cancer cure, known as "avelose," supposed to have been successfully used in General Grant's case, has received a great shock. Dr. Douglas says it was not used at all. "Avelose" may now go.

public office is a public trust." It is also very noticeable that the gentlemen who are surprised with office under Mr. Cleveland are those who acted conspicuonsly for Mr. Cleveland in the Chicago

The Dayton Journal says" It was commonly reported that \$50,000 was spent at Columbus seven years ago, when Pendleton was chosen

And Allen O. Myers was only offered a pitiable one thousand. Is that the way to treat a rising young statesman?

In all the fuss made by the enemies of England just now we hear not the dull roar of the dynamite. What is the matter with Rossa? Does Mr. Rossa stand aghast at the fate of Burton and Cunningham who were found guilty of treason for causing the famous explosion in the tower of

The New York Life of last week has a cartoon representing the very large and hungry-looking Democratic tiger and the very small and innocent Civil Service Reform lamb. The tiger, gazing down upon the lamb, remarks: "So you and I are to lie down together? Well, there's plenty of room inside."

London?

At a Confederate reunion in New Orleans on the 6th just,, the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, the front of the menu card was a colored lithograph of the Confederate flag. In no other country under the sun would such evidence of disloyalty be tolerated. Our brethren in the South should not wave "the bloody shirt."

Mrs. Partington used to say: "When it aint one thing it is another," and so it is in this country. When there are no spring floods there is plenty of forest fire. No serious floods have been reported this month, but from New Jersey and Long Island comes the account of great confisgrations in the woods, and the same may be expected from our North and Northwest forests during the summer months.

Our Secretary of the Navy Mr. Whitney has a precautious son of twelve years. In sending a letter inclosing \$1 to the World's Pedestal fund, he places after his name, S. O. S. N., which means "Son of the Secretary of the Navy." The father of this S. O. S. N. sports a new carriage in Washington which shines forth, so to speak, with a bran new coat of arms. The people are laughing at our new Secretary of the Navy, because they

Italy exhibits a refreshing freshness in casting her castor in the ring as the ally of England in case of an Anglo-Russian war. She already makes known her readness to send ships and troops to the Red Sea, indicating her desire as above stated. Italy has made great progress during the "Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild, last thirty years, but there is much apparent need for Italy to address herself to selfimprovement, and to carefully avoid entanglements. The disaster that would almost certainly follow a conflict with either of the nations immediately surrounding her might easily undo much of the Italian regeneration in a single campaign. The prevailing epidemic for war among the little corporations across the Atantic is growing monotinous, because of their wellknown weakness to produce anything brilliant or successful.

The remarkable and fast increasing prevalence of divorce in this country is a subject of alarm. It is the "dry rot" which threatens the very superstructure of society. In Massachusetts within the last twenty years the increase has been over 100 per cent. In Virginia in the same time the increase has been 70 per cent.; in New Hampshire 200 percent.; Rhode Island, 56 per cent.; Ohio, 80 per cent. Maine, 75 per cent. and in Chicago the Maine, 75 per cent., and in Chicago the Pray do not make them stones to build a ratio of divorces to Marriages the last year Between thee and thine own; and mise thy was I to 13, and in San Francisco I to 6. We live in a pell mell age of headlong advancement, but it may not be progress, unless it be progress backward. The problem of the age is to find the cause of this laxity in the social condition, and provide a remedy.

The exodus of colored people to Liberia suggests a cause. They either expect to do better or their present situation is intolerable. It is said that there are seven hundred colored families in North Carolina averaging six persons to a tamily, who contemplate finding homes in Liberia. They have each paid into the treasury of the Emigration Society at Raleigh \$10. A further payment of \$15 each is to be made, and it is calculated that this sum of \$25, together with the aid they will receive from other societies, will secure an outfit and land them at their destination. Fortytwo hundred persons will be quite an ac quisition to the population of the colored republic.

Of the forty-nine thousand fourth class post-offices in the country applications have peen received for more than thirty thous and, but there are a few Democratic citizens yet to be heard from. Only one hundred have, as vet, been acted upon and there are three thousand vacancies which will probably be filled before any removals are made. But this won't prevent the machine from going at an unrecorded rate by and by.

Mr. Allen O. Myers may be achieving comething of a political reputation, and that is what Allen O. Myers seems to exist for; but at the same time when he contesses-no, boasts-of offers of bribe, stating price, etc., Mr. Allen O. Myers must be regarded as a purchasable quantity, always on the market, and subject to the market

The richest men in the world are said to be Mackay, \$275,000,000; Rothschild, \$200,000,000; Vanderbilt \$175,000,000, and the Duke of Westminster, \$80,000, 000. When we remember that poor Mr. Jay Gould only has about \$59,000,000 a sense of the inequality of the distribution of wealth steals over us.

The news comes from Canada that during the late storm a number of cannon, from fou to ten feet in length, were washed ashore at Pointe aux Anglais (English point). These guns are supposed to be the relics of a disas-ter to the English fleet in that vicinity nearly 200 years ago.

Supposed? Why not suppose the whole thing a prevarication, and achieve a reputation as a guesser?

The Levering bill, which provides that all the Ohio hangings shall take place in the penitentiary, is now a law. The peni tentiary will now figure in the reports of the hangings as the grim tomb of the doomed criminal.

A Father's Ruse.

Not far distant from Teccoa lives an old man whose name is Jeffrey Beck. Mr. Beck's good wife died some time last summer. The disconsolate wid-ower is the father of a son who is known as Jesse Beck. Once upon a time Jesse became dissatisfied with life of single blessedness, and forthwith

made search for a partner for life.

Jesse found a girl that suited him, and
was accepted by the lady on the spot.

She was supposed to be, as we learn,
a Miss Pitts. Jesse made too much
delay in making arrangements for the
marriage to suit Miss Pitts; so she sent her lover a message, about as follows:
"If you want to marry me you had better have it attended to immediately, if

not sooner."

This completely destroyed Jesse's peace of mind, so he went to the old man Jeff for advice. Now, Jesse fears neither storm, rain, nor tempest, and seldom wears a coat even in the coldes of weather. It happened that Jesse at this time did not have a coat. His father thought it would be beneath the dignity of the Beck family for Jesse to marry without a cont, and so he ad-vised him to go to work and buy him one. So Jesse started off to make the money to buy a coat which would be his passport to connubial felicity. The day after Jesse left the parental roof in search of work, the old man shaved off search of work, the old man shaved off his beard, put on his best clothes, and went up to see the aforesaid Miss Pitts. The interview resulted in a marriage between the old man and the girl, and when Jesse returned home he found the young lady there, not as Miss Pitts, but as Mrs. Beck, the bride of the old man,—Toccae (Gir.) Now.

man. -- Toccoa (Ga.) News. There are nineteen kinds of metal more precious than gold.

I'm Hurried, Child.

"Oh, mother, look! I've found a butter Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why There was no butter! Oh, do see its wings! I never, never saw such pretty things— All streaked and striped with blue and brown and gold.
Where is its house when all the days are cold?

Last night my dolly quite forgot her pray-And when she thought you had gone down And when she todays you.

Then delly was afraid, an' so I said:
'Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think God is just as near.'
When dolls are 'Iraid do you s'pose he can
hear?'
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled:
'I'm hurried, child!'

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left; and won't you, by and by,
Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
Then tell me of the babies in the wood?
And then, perhaps, about Red Riding Hood?
"Too much to do! Hush, hush, you drive me
wild,
I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now,
And grieved and puzzled was the childish
brow;
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are little-er than I,
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A big clock! Oh, big as it can be,
For you and me!"

I'm hurried, child!"

The mother new has leisure infinite;
She sits with foided hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chili,
She sits at leisure, questioning Ged's will,
"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night!
Is heaven so dark that thou dost grudge my light?
O life! O God! I must discover why
The time drags by."

Between thee and this right! To biessedness, so swift to take its fight! To biessedness, so swift to take its fight! While answering baby questionings you are But entertaining angels unaware; The richest gifts are gathered by the way For darkest day.

-Emma Burt, in Michigan Paymer.

DAISY'S VISIT.

It was a common-place picture-a pretty, slender young girl seated under a vine-wreathed porch, her delicate fingers busily stitching some coarse, homespun material instead of being occupied with a light piece of embroidery or fancy work, which would have been in greater harmony with her refined appearance; but Clement Ashley's eyes brightened as they rested upon it, and a strange thrill stirred his usually unusceptible heart.
"Have I traversed the wide world

over, and gone unscathed all these years," he asked himself, "only to fall in love, at first sight, with a rustic di-vinity in the wilds of Yorkshire?"

At the sound of his footsteps the girl looked up, with a startled air, the lovely peach-bloom color deepening and brightening in her velvety cheeks.

What Daisy Wentworth saw was a tall, dark young man, of eight-and-twenty, with a somewhat listless expression upon his fine, handsome face. He wore a tourist's dress of shabby looking, well-worn, grey tweed, that only the initiated would have known must have been cut by a West-end tailor, and carried a small pack slung across his broad shoulders.

'May I trouble you for a drink of water?" he asked, in a low, musical voice, that made the young girl stare; its refined accents were so different from the rough northern dialect to which she was accustomed.

Before Daisy could comply with the

request, the door swung suddenly open, and a hard, strong-featured face, with beetling black brows and fiery eyes, peered out. Wentworth, Daisy's step-

mother. "Don't come in here!" she cried, in a shrill, acrid voice, glowering angrily at the astonished young man. "You have nothing I want in that nasty pack. I never buy of hawkers. I'm dis-gusted with the whole tribe; and Daisy there has put me all out of temper with her trifling and idling. Just like her mother, they say. It's a dreadful trial to have another woman's child to bring up. I would never have mar-ried Silas Wentworth had I known he would die at the end of five years, and leave me to take care of his first wife's brat. I have children enough of my

A roguish twinkle showed itself in Clement Ashley's eyes as he replied-"My pack only contains the kit of a strolling artist. But here comes the real Simon Pure," as a freekled-faced hawker, with a scraggy, sandy moustache, climbed the steps. "I only want to beg a draught of water."

Daisy's cheeks were burning hotly. but she caught up her print sun-bon-net, and, bringing a tumbler from the pantry-shelf, led the way to the well at

the rear of the house. Clement drank the cool water she proffered, as though it had been ambrosia. On returning the empty glass, his gaze happened to fall upon the brooch that fastened Daisy's collar. It was a cameo of considerable value—a portrait finely and artistically cut; but t did not look out of place, though her

dress was of common material.

"I beg your pardon!" he said,
eagerly. "But may I ask where you
got that brooch?"

"It was my mother's," Daisy replied; "that is why I like to wear it." "Oh—an heirloom? Can you tell me anything of its history?"
"Very little. My mother prized it highly. The likeness is that of some relative—a great-aunt, I believe."

"What was your mother's maiden

"Ethel McLean." Clement gazed at the young girl curiously. He would have said more, but Mrs. Wentworth's shrill voice sounded at that instant, calling sharply

or Daisy.

"Don't be loitering there, you goodfor-nothing child? You might try to
make yourself useful occasionally. You've only been a burden to me ever since your father died."

Daisy flitted away, a painful flush

handsome artist, for that evening, as she stood dejectedly at the garden gate, he came whistling along the lane, and paused beside her.
"You have been crying!" he exclaimed, abruptly, looking into her pretty eyes. "That dreadful woman pretty eyes. "That dreadful has been scolding you again?" "I deserved it, no doubt."

But she had not seen the last of the

"Why don't you leave her? Have you no relatives to whom you could

Daisy shook her pretty head. "There is only the great-aunt whom I spoke this morning—and don't even know where to find her." "Suppose you go away with me?"
The girl stared at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips apart.
"I—I don't understand what you

mean, sir," she stammered. There is no occasion to look so frightened, little one, though it is very sudden. But I took a liking to you at once, and I cannot endure to see you abused. I want you for my wife, dari-

ing.".
No, no-you cannot realize what

you are saying, or else you are only laughing at me!" cried Daisy, running away and hiding herself, with emo-tions singularly blended of rapture and

alarm.

Two weeks wore op. Daisy saw no more of the handsome artist, but she was continually dreaming or thinking One morning, Daisy unexpectedly received a letter. It fell first into her stepmother's hands, who, in the exer-

cise of a privilege she arrogated to her-self, immediately tore it open and pos-sessed herself of its contents. It ran

thus—
"I do not exp ct to feel proud of agrandniece brought up in a Yorkshire farm, but
it is time you saw something of the world.
You can come to me for a six weeks' visit,
if you like. But don't expect to become
my heiress. My will is made already, and
does not give you a penny.
"PATTY McLEAN."

Daisy's heart beat with hope and exmeetation.

pectation.
"I may go?" she cried, in an eager,

Mrs. Wentworth frowned, but con When Daisy's preparations were all made, and she was about setting out upon her journey, Mrs. Wentworth said—

"Now I want you to speak a good word for Joanna. She ain't no rela-tion of Miss McLean's, to be sure, but the old miser might send her a few dresses and jewels, and never miss em. Take everything that's offered you, Daisy, and when you come back I'll divide the things between you two

Daisy was quite startled by the mag-nificence of the house where Miss Mc-

Her great-aunt, a wrinkled old lady in black velvet and lace, welcomed her

with a kiss.

"You have your mother's face, my dear. I am glad of that."

"Oh," cried Daisy, eagerly, "do you remember my mother?"

"Certainly. I used to wish she was a boy, that I might leave her my money. But girls are not of much consequence in this world. I had lost all trace of poor Ethel. And so Silas all trace of poor Ethel. And so Silas Wentworth is dead? He was a good

man, but sadly wanting in energy."
"How did you find me, Aunt Patty?" "That's a secret," chuckled the old It was a charmed life that opened for Daisy. Edinburgh, with all its at-tractions and novelties, seemed like en-

chanted land. She was thoroughly

happy for the first time in her life. Six weeks went by all too quickly. and Daisy was summoned to her great aunt's dressing-room.
"The limit of your stay has expired,"

Miss McLean said, looking at her keenly. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"Very, very much!" Daisy answered, her sweet voice choking a little. "It her sweet voice choking a little. "It was very kind of you to invite me

"You can stay upon one condition.

I have learned to love you, but my will is made, as I wrote you. It cannot be altered, even to please you. The bulk of my fortune goes to my half-sister's son. a very worthy young man. sister's son, a very worthy young man. Daisy you can remain as his wife! I have communicated with him, and he is very willing to consent to the ar-

Daisy grew very pale. Consent to marry a man she had never seen? No, that would have been impossible, even if another's image did not fill all her

"I must go," she said, sadly. "There is no other way."
"Wait until you have met my heir. You might change your mind. "Never!"

Poor Daisy dropped floods of tears into the trunk with the new clothes Miss McLean's generosity had provided At last, when the good-byes had been spoken, she groped her way blindly downstairs. A gentleman stood looked up, a startled cry broke from

"You here! How very strange!" She blushed furiously, but as the young man opened his arms Dalsy leaned her head upon his shoulder with

a heavy sigh. "Are you glad to see me, darling?" "Oh, very glad!"
"Then you do love me a little?"
"Yes," she answered, unable to keep back the truth.

Just then Daisy heard a low laugh, and looking up, saw Miss McLean standing upon the landing, her kind

face beaming with delight.
"You might as well ring for the maid to take your wraps, my dear!" she

Daisy glanced bewildered from the smiling woman to the handsome lover.
"What does she mean?"

"That you are never going back to be abused by your shrewish step-mother," Clement answered. "Forgive me fer trying you so sorely, but it was Aunt Patty's wish. I am her heir." One week later, Mrs. Wentworth received a large box of clothing and nicknacks, but she had seen the last of Daisy herself.

A Little Matter From Maine.

A farmer of this town, after the pas-turage became poor, turned his flock of sheep into the orchard, where the grass was heavy and the trees were laden with apples. One old sheep, with a lamb, regularly selected trees, and in ways best known to herself man-aged to mount upon her hind feet and knock off apples, which she and the lamb ate with great gusto. The far-mer hobbled the fore feet, but the ani-mal did just as well as before in knocking off apples; the hind feet were hot-bled, but no better success, and the last resort was to hobble one hind and one fore foot, and then the game was up. She was watched, and this was seen: The lamb mounted on her back, the sheep marched under the apple tree, and the lamb knocked off the apples. - Brunswick Telegraph.

Practical End of Socialism.

A draper's assistant in London, who was in the habit, with his master's cog-nizance, of attending a workmen's Socialistic meeting, neglected for a week or two to attend the meetings, and the or two to attend the meetings, and the following dialogue took place between master and man: Master—Well, John, and how is it that you have not kept up your attendance at the Socialistic meetings? John (rather confusedly)—Well, sir, I don't think that I shall go any more. Master—But how is that, John? John—I have found out, sir, that the scheme is not quite as fair as I thought it was. At the last meeting I attended we calculated how much there would be for every one when everywould be for every one when every-thing was divided up, and we found it would only be £105 each, and you know sir, I have £150 in the bank.— Manchester Times.

A Clearfield county, Pa., man con-siderately boards at a hotel in order that his wife can have time to attend a

A OUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

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